

TALES FROM THE BEHAVIORAL SINK

PARANOIA

KNOWLEDGE

# INSECT FEAR

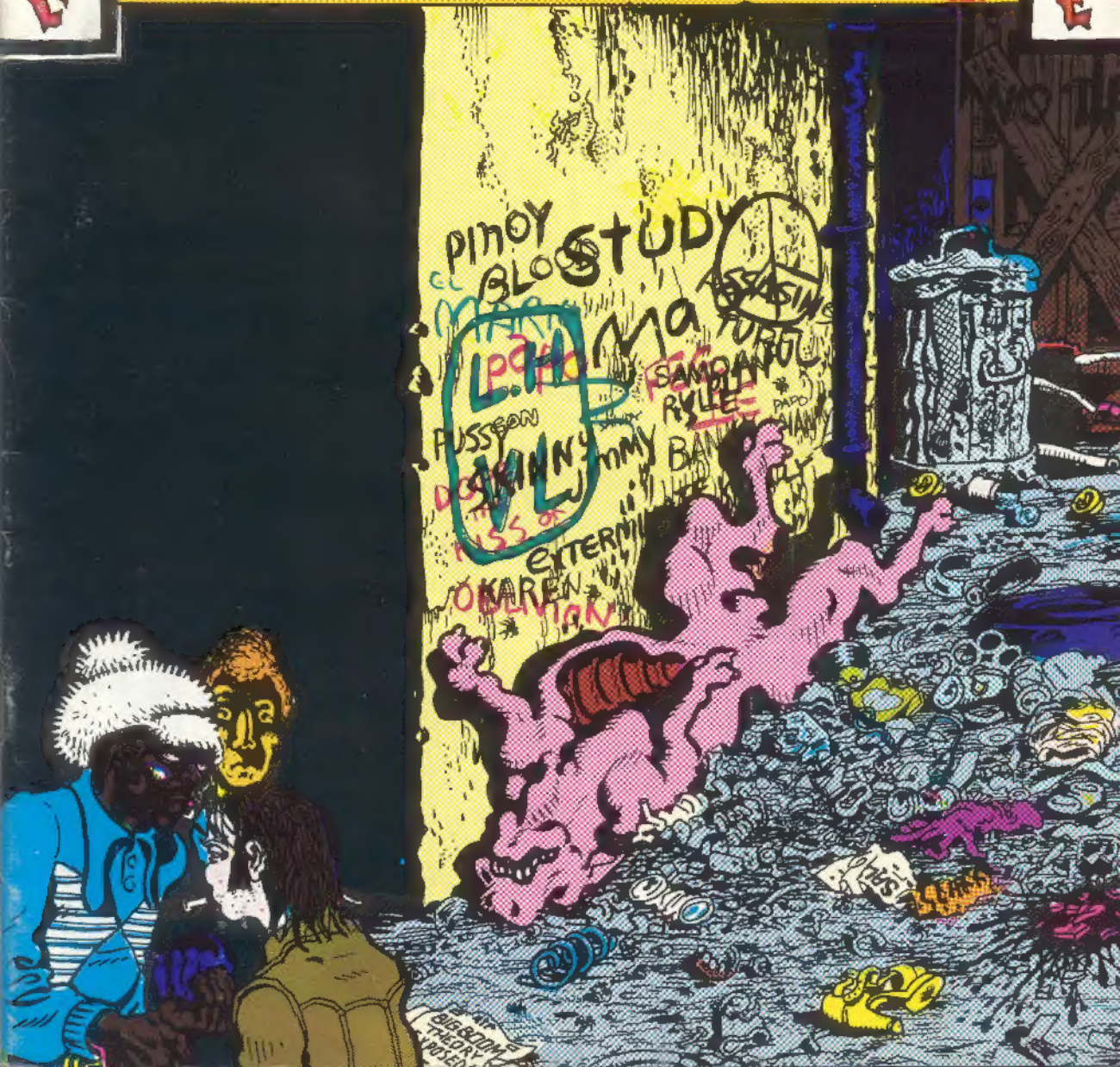


ONLY 50¢



No. 5

FOR ADULT INTELLECTUALS ONLY





# INSECT FEAR


THE JOURNAL OF PARANOIDAL KNOWLEDGE

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J. OSBORNE



AS YOUR MIND GOES CAREENING  
DOWN THE ENDLESS CORRIDORS  
OF HEXAPODAL MADNESS, RE-  
MEMBER THAT IT WAS I —  
INSECTA VON ABRAXAS WHO  
TAUGHT YOU THE TRUE MEAN-  
ING OF... **INSECT FEAR!**

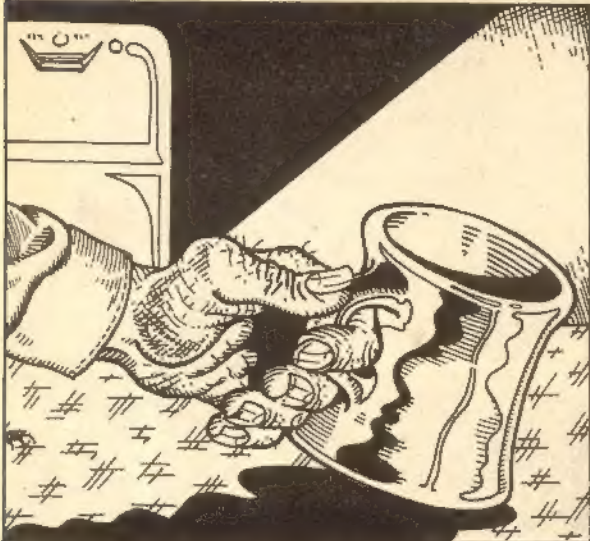


# INSOMNIA





**I** COULDN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT.. I PACED FOR HOURS.. EVERYTHING WOULD BECOME SPONGY AND UNPLEASANT....



COMMON THINGS HELD DREAD FOR ME.. EVEN THE DRIED PAINT FORMING A POINT ON A HINGE BOTTOM....









SUDDENLY, A SILVER RAIN STARTED HAMMERING THE WINDOW.



GOOD GOD!

A HIDEOUS INSECT  
CREEPING FROM  
UNDER THAT CHAIR...

GURRUH



LOOKING CLOSER... HE SAW THAT THE  
INSECT'S HEAD WAS THAT OF HIS  
WIFE! THE WIFE HE HAD KILLED  
BRUTALLY LAST JULY WITH AN AXE!



NOOOOOO NOOOOOO

THE  
AXE!



THE MAN FELL  
BACK DEAD!!  
THE AXE HAD  
BURST THROUGH  
THE GLASS AND  
SPLIT HIS SKULL!

THE SILVER RAIN  
FELL UPON THE  
CORPSE THROUGH  
THE SHATTERED  
WINDOW, WHILE  
THE INSECT  
WITH THE HEAD  
OF THE MURDERED  
WIFE NIBBLED  
AWAY AT THE  
EYES BULGING  
WITH SHOCK...



AND GOD MADE EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL.



# The Martyrdom of St. Steven of Lawrence

**B**ECAUSE BISHOP STEVEN WAS NEAR-PERFECT, HE WAS PRONE TO A NAGGING SENSE OF SELF-ESTEEM. WITH DAILY PRAYERS AND PUNITIVE WORKOUTS HE ATTEMPTED TO DRIVE THE LAST TRACE OF PRIDE FROM HIS ALMOST SPOTLESS SOUL.

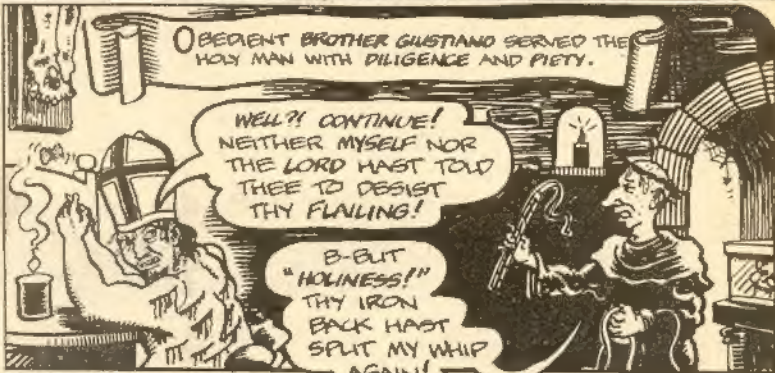


O! A CURSE ON THIS WICKED PELT, THIS EARTHLY BAGGAGE, THAT KEEPEETH ME FROM BEING AT ONE WITH THE ALMIGHTY!

FETCH ME A LADDER!



RUL GRAB



OBEIENT BROTHER GUSTANO SERVED THE HOLY MAN WITH DILIGENCE AND PIETY.

WELL?! CONTINUE! NEITHER MYSELF NOR THE LORD HAST TOLD THEE TO DESIST THY FLAILING!

B-BUT "HOLINESS!" THY IRON BACK HAST SPLIT MY WHIP AGAIN!



I WILL TEACHEETH THIS PROUD BODY A LESSON IT SO RICHLY DESERVETH!

FETCH ROPE!

YES, YES, ANYTHING.

SO BEGAN THE FAMOUS AND FATAL MORTIFICATION VIGIL ON THE PILLAR.

THIS BE BLIT A TICKLE WHEN COMPARED WITH THE ETERNAL TORMENT OF HELLFIRE!

UNGH.



IN DUE TIME, WORMS SUPPED FREELY ON THE PUSS THAT OZZED FROM EVERY OPEN SORE...



THE PLUCKY BISHOP'S SKIN SOON BECAME AMOK WITH FUNGUS.



THE 15TH DAY

NNGH-WORMS D-D-DROP OUT-T-T... W-W-WHY?



TOO MUCH PUSS, YOUR EMINENCE!

R-RETURN ALL W-WORMS T-TO MY UNW-W-WORTHY F-F-F-FLESH!

AS YOU WISH.



THE GOOD GUSTANO REPLACES EVERY LAST LITTLE CRITTER, WHO ARE AS MUCH A PART OF ALL CREATION AS YOU OR I.

SO BE IT, WEE ONES! EAT THE FOOD GOD HAST GIVEN THEE!





**P**ETER **O**NSLOW HAD REASON TO DOUBT HIS SANITY WHEN A TERRIFYING, SUPERNATURAL **F**IEND FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION TOOK CONTROL OF HIS MIND AND CHANGED HIM INTO.....

# THE MIDNIGHT MONSTER



**T**HE **C**LOCK HAD JUST STRUCK TWELVE **M**IDNIGHT AS **P**ETER **O**NSLOW LOOKED UP FROM THE **B**OOK HE WAS ABSORBED IN.....

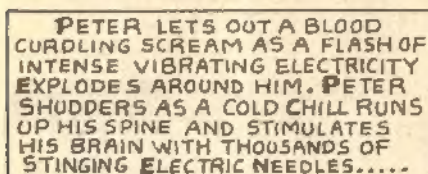
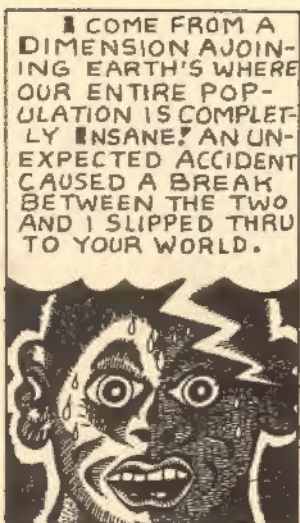


**Y**ADA-YADA-YADA-YADA-



5869







**C**URIOS TO LOCATE THE SOURCE OF THE STRANGE SOUND, PETER OPENS THE FRONT DOOR OF HIS HOUSE AND WALKS OUT INTO THE COOL NIGHT AIR ....



IT'S SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM SOMEWHERE CLOSE BY.....



IT'S SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS HILL!



YADA!  
YADA!

**A**S PETER APPROACHES THE HILL THE UNEARTHLY SOUND INCREASES TO AN EAR SPLITTING LEVEL .....

**GOOD LORD!**  
CHOKE...



PETER GASPS IN HORROR AT THE ABOMINABLE THING BEFORE HIM! HE TRIES TO SCREAM BUT IS SO PETRIFIED WITH FRIGHT THAT HE CAN'T! A DISCUSTING SMELL OF DECAYED **FLESH** FILLS THE AIR....



**GAAAAA!!!**

YADA  
YADA  
UKFOO!



**HOURS LATER IN THE NEARBY CITY CALLED PUTTYVILLE, A SCREAM OF SHEER HORROR FILLS THE AIR AS A CLOCK OMINOUSLY TOLLS THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT!**

**A LARGE BLACK CAT DARTS QUICKLY FROM IN BETWEEN A GROUP OF TRASH CANS AND RUNS FRANTICALLY DOWN A LONG ALLEYWAY AS THE LOATHSOME FIGURE OF THE MIDNIGHT MONSTER STRIDES INTO VIEW! BEWARE DEAR READER, FOR HE COULD BE AT LARGE IN YOUR CITY, WAITING JUST AROUND THE NEAREST CORNER, FOR YOU!**



*To BE CONTINUED~*



# BORN AGAIN

OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE IDAHO PEN BACK IN '35 SILK MILLER, A CHEAP HOOLIGAN WAS FIFTEEN MINUTES AWAY FROM DEATH!



HEY S SILK AINT YOU S SCARED?

SURE! I'M SHAKIN LIKE A LEAF!

SURE! HE'D BEEN NERVOUS WHEN HE FIRST CAME ONTO THE ROW, BUT COSMO CHANGED ALL THAT



UP UNTIL A WEEK BEFORE, A WEIRD LITTLE GUY NAMED COSMO LAVEY WHO WAS ON DEATH ROW FOR A PARTICULARLY GRUESOME RITUALISTIC KILLING, HAD BEEN HIS NEIGHBOR



OOOH KLEKO KLEKO KEE ZEE!

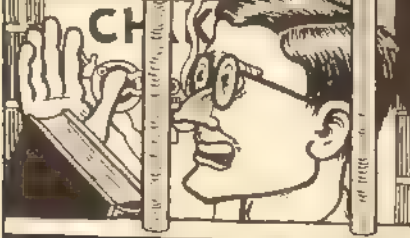
COSMO! WILL YOU CAN THAT JABBER! YOU'RE DRIVIN ME NUTS!

OH! T CREE B CREE KEE ZEE!

ZUBA YUBA KEE ZEE!

COSMO HAD BEEN A STUDENT OF THE OCCULT, AND HE CONTINUED TO PURSUE IT ON THE ROW.

DON'T WORRY SILK YOU WON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH ME TOO MUCH LONGER! (CHUCKLE)



RIGHT UP TO THE DAY BEFORE HIS DATE WITH DEATH



SAY YOU'RE PRETTY CHIPPER FOR A GUY THAT'S GONNA BURN TOMORROW!



WELL WHY NOT? I FIND MY MPENDING DOOM NO GREAT CAUSE FOR ANXIETY!





THAT'S CAUSE YER NUTS!  
LISSEN PAL, WHEN THEY  
THROW THE SWITCH,  
THAT'S ALL BROTHER!



PERHAPS.. IF YOU  
WANTED, I THAT  
WAY, BUT, HMM!



SILK! HERE'S THE PERFECT  
SPELL FOR YOU! NOT ONLY  
DOES IT PROMISE TO RE-  
INCARNATE, IT GUARAN-  
TEES TO MAKE YOU  
FAMOUS!



MIND YOU, I'M NOT SPEAK-  
ING OF THE PENNY ANTE  
NOTORIETY YOUE CURRENT-  
LY ACCRUED, IM TALKING  
ABOUT REAL FAME! AND  
BEST OF ALL  
IT'S A  
CINCH!



ALL YOU HAVE TO DO  
IS KEEP REPEATING  
THIS PHRASE OHPOH  
OTAY OTOH! YOU  
DONT EVEN NEED  
TO SAY IT JUST KEEP  
THINKING T/



SAY! YOU BETTER  
GET ON YOUR OWN  
CASE, YOURE THE  
ONE WHO BURNS  
TOMORROW!

THAT'S WHERE YOURE  
WRONG SILK! THEYRE  
NOT GONNA BURN  
ME! NOT TO-  
MORROW OR  
ANY OTHER  
DAY! GET  
ME?



BUT COSMO WAS RIGHT! ON THE MORNING OF HIS  
EXECUTION, THEY FOUND H.M.



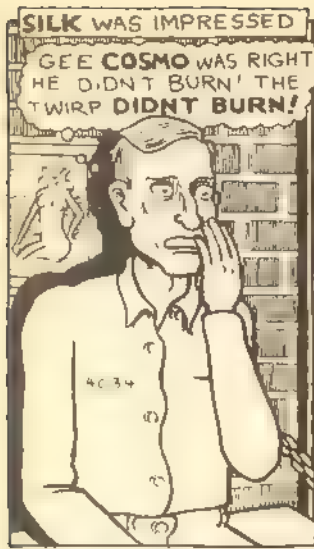
DEAD AS A DOOR NAIL!  
AND NOT A MARK ON  
HIM EITHER!

WELL YA  
CAN'T WIN  
EM ALL



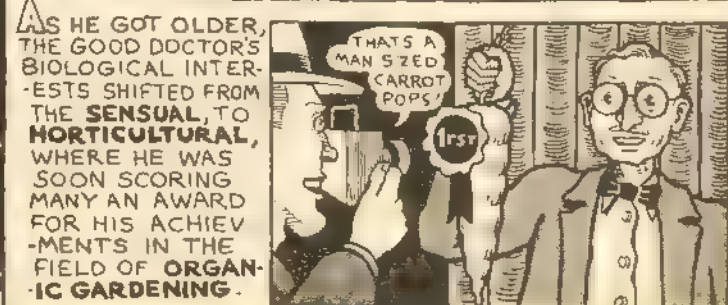
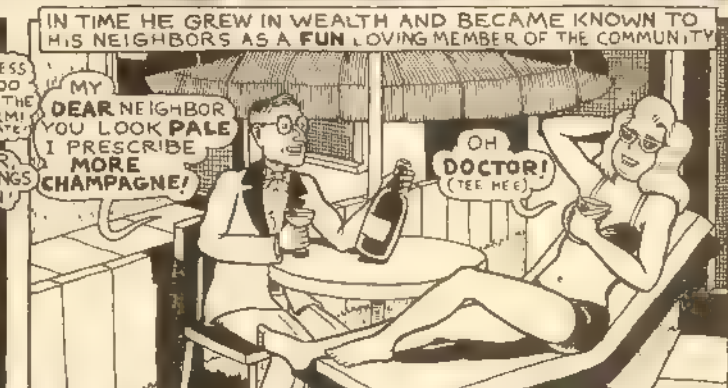
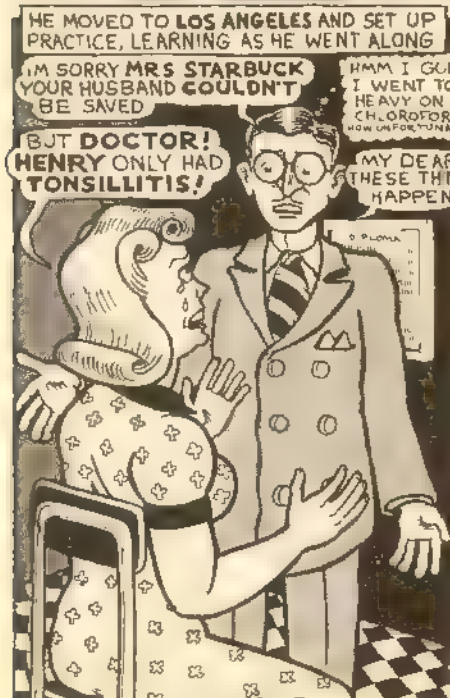
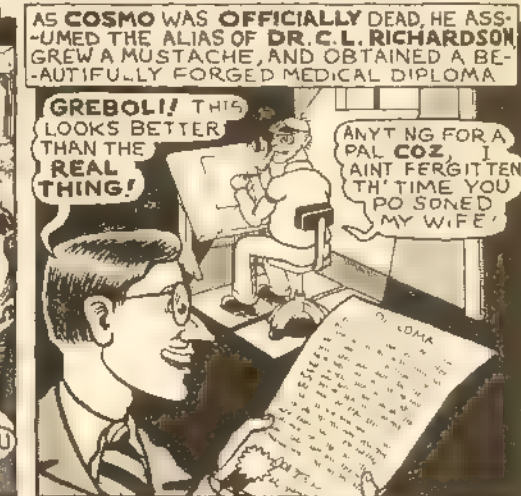
SURE PAL,  
ANYTHING  
YOU SAY





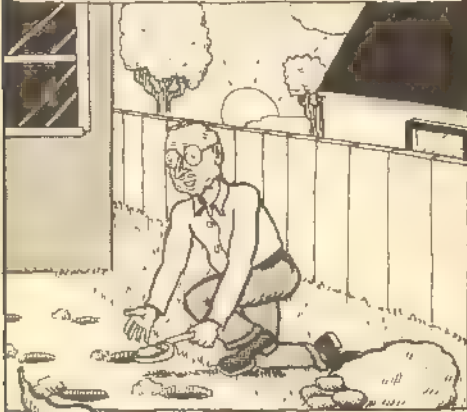


AND WHAT OF SILKS REINCARNATION AND SUBSEQUENT FAME? FOR THE ANSWER TO THAT BLAZING QUESTION WE MUST BACKTRACK TO THE DAY OF COSMO'S SUPPOSED DEATH. YES YOU READ IT CORRECTLY; AS SOME OF YOU PROBABLY GUESSED, COSMO DID NOT DIE, BUT WAS ACTUALLY IN A SELF INDUCED CATALEPTIC TRANCE WHICH MIMICS DEATH IN EVERY PARTICULAR

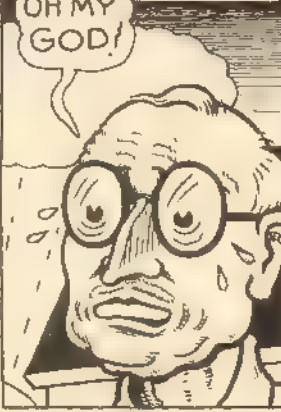




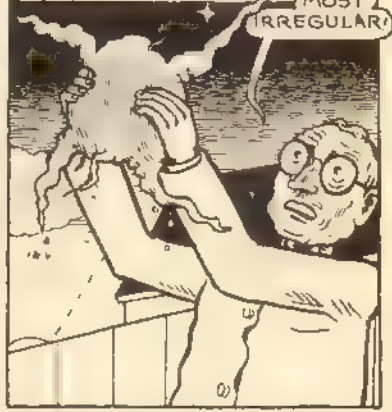
BUT WHAT OF SILK? WELL DEAR READER, LAST YEAR COSMO, ALIAS DR. RICHARDSON, WAS PUTTERING IN HIS POTATO PATCH THE DAYS YIELD WAS PLENTIFUL.



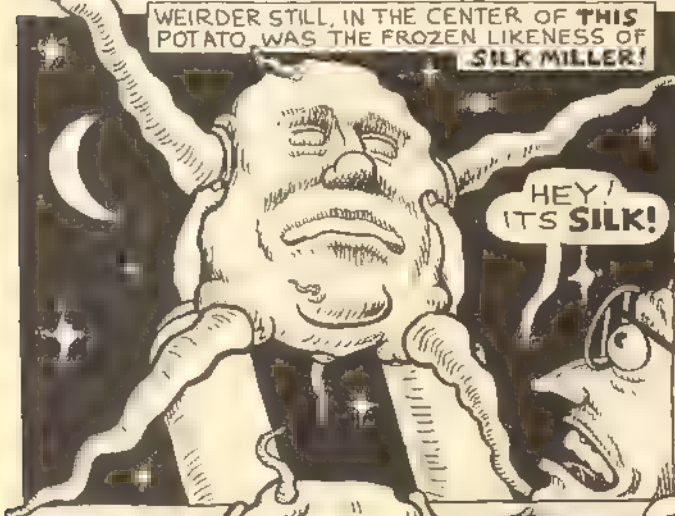
HE WAS DIGGING UP ONE LAST POTATO WHEN HE GOT THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE!



THE LAST ONE WAS A FREAK! THIS POTATO, UNLIKE ANY HE'D SEEN BEFORE, HAD LONG ARM LIKE APPENDAGES.

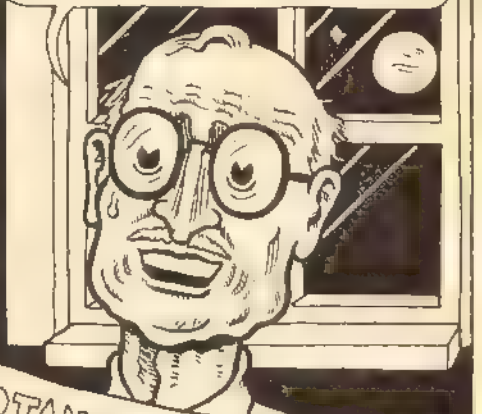


WEIRDER STILL, IN THE CENTER OF THIS POTATO WAS THE FROZEN LIKENESS OF SILK MILLER!

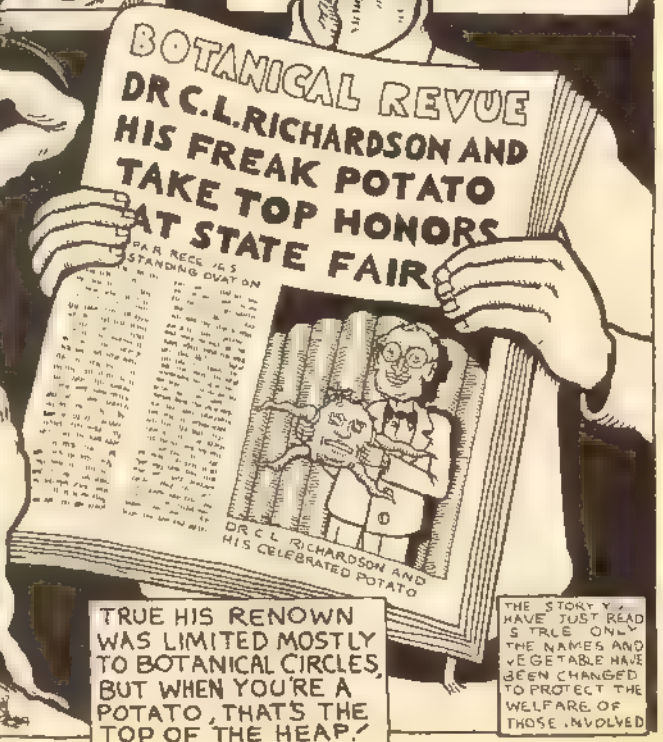


BUT WHAT ABOUT THE FAME YOU SAY? WHY IT WAS JUST AROUND THE CORNER!

**SILK! WE MADE IT!**



**BOTANICAL REVUE  
DR C.L. RICHARDSON AND  
HIS FREAK POTATO  
TAKE TOP HONORS  
AT STATE FAIR**

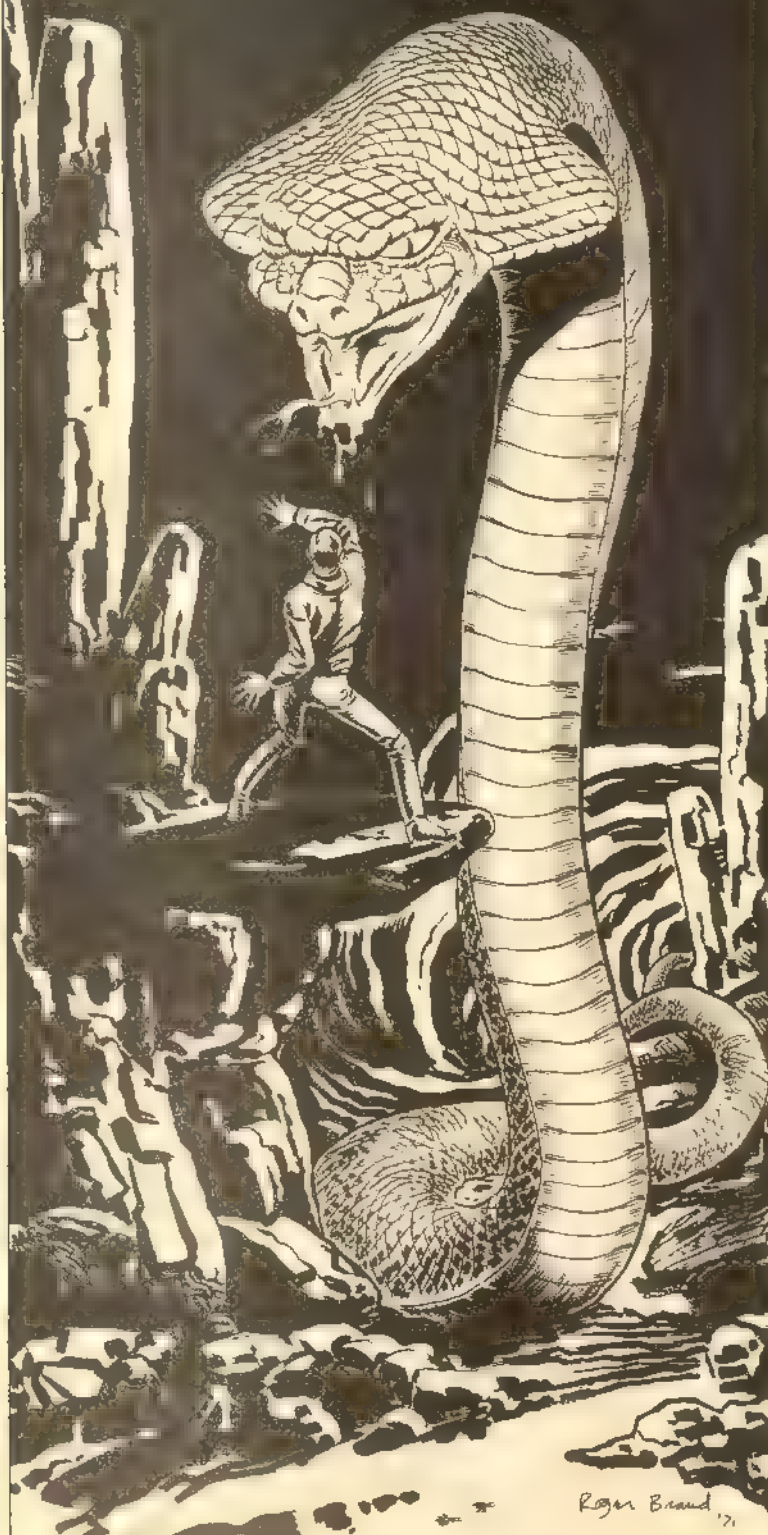


TRUE HIS RENOWN WAS LIMITED MOSTLY TO BOTANICAL CIRCLES, BUT WHEN YOU'RE A POTATO, THAT'S THE TOP OF THE HEAP!

THE STORY YOU HAVE JUST READ IS TRUE. ONLY THE NAMES AND VEGETABLE HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE WELFARE OF THOSE INVOLVED.



# SHE CRAWLS ON HER BELLY LIKE A REPTILE



Roger Brand 171

PROFESSOR JAMES REDBREST, NOTED AUTHORITY ON PRIMITIVE CULTS, ARRIVES IN THE SMALL CENTRAL EUROPEAN TOWN OF BAKSHI, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS ASSISTANT, AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE JOHNNY CARTER, TO INVESTIGATE A BIZARRE SERIES OF UNEXPLAINED MURDERS



GOSH, SIR, IT'S STILL HARD TO BELIEVE THESE KILLINGS ARE TAKING PLACE.

YOU'LL BELIEVE IT SOON ENOUGH, JOHNNY

AMONG THE MORE SUPERSTITIOUS TOWNSFOLK CIRCULATE RUMORS OF AN EVIL UNSPEAKABLY FOUL



-THERE WERE IN TIME TO SEE A FRESH CASUALTY

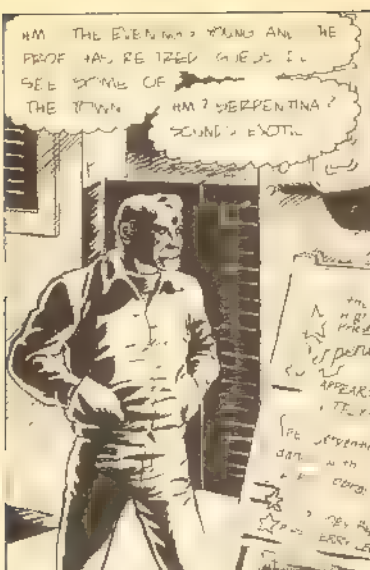
IN FACT, IF ANY ONE BUT YOU HAD TOLD ME YOUR THEORY OF-  
LAGHHH

THE POLICE DISCOUNT SUCH RUMORS, BUT HAVE FAILED TO STOP THE MURDERS OR UNEARTH A SINGLE CLUE



BELLY AND VITAL ORGANS EATEN, AND OFTEN THE BRAIN AS WELL... UNMISTAKABLE THIS IS THE WORK OF THE BASHOGI SERPENT-MEN





HM THE EVENING YOUNG AND THE  
PROF HAS RE TIED GUESS I  
SEE SOME OF  
THE TOWN HM? SERPENTINA?  
SOUND EXOTIC



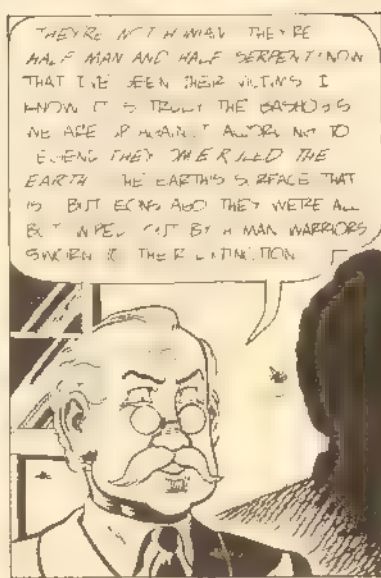
EXOTIC? GUESS? IS SHE  
I CAN'T BELIEVE LOOKING  
MY EYES! AT ME?



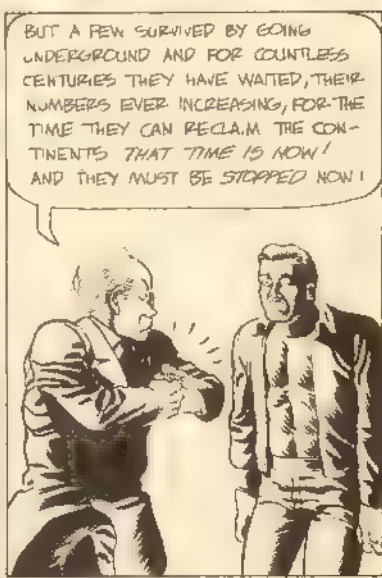
HER EYES HAVEN'T LEFT MINE FOR  
THE PAST HOUR! I HOPE I HAVE THE  
COURAGE TO SPEAK TO HER AFTER  
THE SHOW



MORNING  
SO YOU FOUND A  
LADY FROM THE  
VERY FIRST NIGHT!  
TODDING MY BIT?  
BE NEW? LEAVE  
PLEASANT SURPRISE!  
YOU SEE THE  
BROTHERS MAKE  
LUTS NOT  
LUTS A  
SERPENTINA IF  
PEOPLE WHO  
LIFE MAKE



THEY'RE NOT HUMAN THEY'RE  
HALF MAN AND HALF SERPENTINON  
THAT I'VE SEEN THEIR WINGS I  
KNOW IT'S TRULY THE GARDENS  
WE ARE SPEAKING ABOUT NOT TO  
EVENING THEY WER KILL THE  
EARTH THE EARTH'S SPACE THAT  
IS BUT EVEN ALSO THEY WERE ALL  
BUT WIPED OUT BY HUMAN WARRIORS  
SWORN TO THEIR EXTINCTION



BUT A FEW SURVIVED BY GOING  
UNDERGROUND AND FOR COUNTLESS  
CENTURIES THEY HAVE WAITED, THEIR  
NUMBERS EVER INCREASING, FOR THE  
TIME THEY CAN RECLAIM THE CON-  
TINENTS THAT TIME IS NOW!  
AND THEY MUST BE STOPPED NOW!



AN HER  
PERFUME  
ON MY  
EAT  
WANTS  
THE  
GROWD  
SERPENTINA  
GUESS  
SOUND EXOTIC  
HM? SERPENTINA?  
SOUND EXOTIC



LEAVE HER  
ALONE! SHE'S  
DOING NOTHING  
JOHNNY!  
OH,  
GOD  
BLESS  
YOU





AA-A GH! 22- WHY WERE THEY DOING THAT? ARE YOU HURT?

OH THE FOOLS, JUST BECAUSE I DO A SNAKE-DANCE AT THE NIGHT-CLUB-

I'M ALRIGHT



THEY THINK THE M-MURDERS ARE ARE MY DOING -

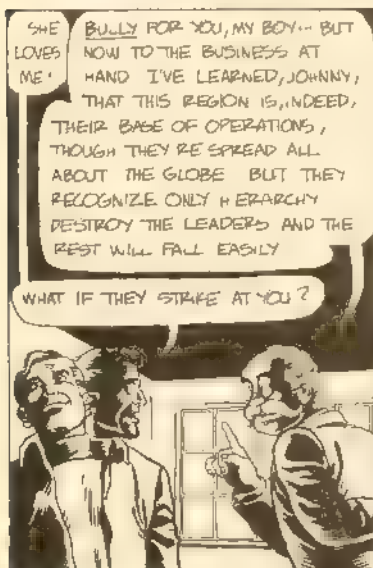
THE HALF-WITS



I'M SO GRATEFUL FOR YOUR COMING TO MY RESCUE - AND WALKING ME HOME -

I LOVE YOU JOHNNY

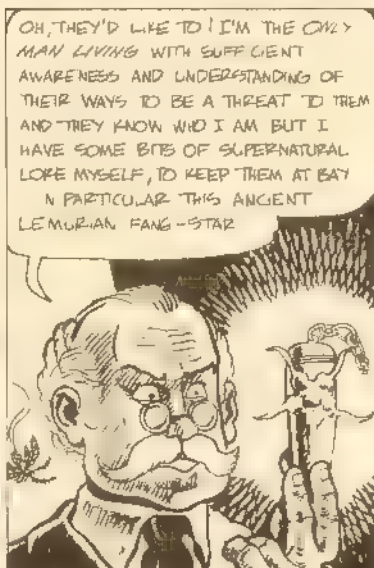
UNTIL - NEXT TIME SOON



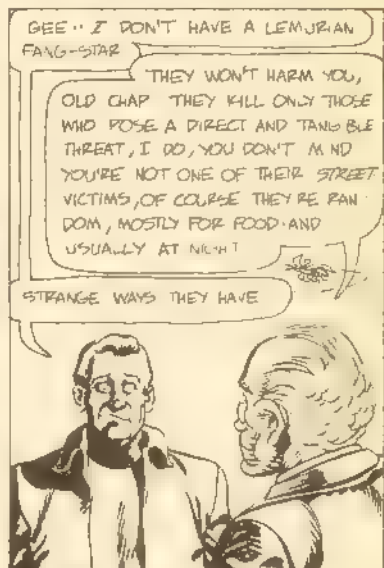
SHE LOVES ME!

BULLY FOR YOU, MY BOY... BUT NOW TO THE BUSINESS AT HAND I'VE LEARNED, JOHNNY, THAT THIS REGION IS, INDEED, THEIR BASE OF OPERATIONS, THOUGH THEY'RE SPREAD ALL ABOUT THE GLOBE BUT THEY RECOGNIZE ONLY HIERARCHY DESTROY THE LEADERS AND THE REST WILL FALL EASILY

WHAT IF THEY STRIKE AT YOU?



OH, THEY'D LIKE TO! I'M THE ONLY MAN LIVING WITH SUFFICIENT AWARENESS AND UNDERSTANDING OF THEIR WAYS TO BE A THREAT TO THEM AND THEY KNOW WHO I AM BUT I HAVE SOME BITS OF SUPERNATURAL LOPE MYSELF, TO KEEP THEM AT BAY IN PARTICULAR THIS ANCIENT LEMURIAN FANG-STAR



GEE... I DON'T HAVE A LEMURIAN FANG-STAR

THEY WON'T HARM YOU, OLD CHAP THEY KILL ONLY THOSE WHO POSE A DIRECT AND TANGIBLE THREAT, I DO, YOU DON'T MIND YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THEIR STREET VICTIMS, OF COURSE THEY'RE RANDOM, MOSTLY FOR FOOD AND USUALLY AT NIGHT

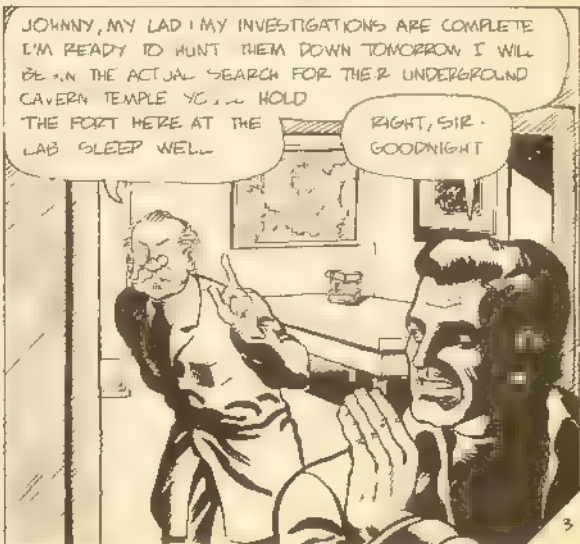
STRANGE WAYS THEY HAVE

AS THE WEEKS PASS, THE ROMANCE GROWS



GOSH, HOW COULD ANYBODY THINK SOMEONE THAT LOVELY COULD BE EVIL?

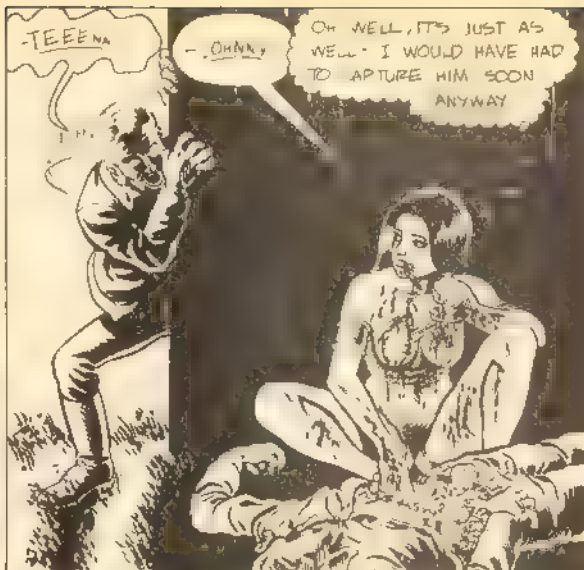
AND THE PROFESSOR PREPARES TO ATTACK



JOHNNY, MY LAD! MY INVESTIGATIONS ARE COMPLETE I'M READY TO HUNT THEM DOWN TOMORROW I WILL BE IN THE ACTUAL SEARCH FOR THEIR UNDERGROUND CAVERN TEMPLE YET... HOLD THE FORT HERE AT THE LAB SLEEP WELL

RIGHT, SIR - GOODNIGHT







IS SHE HUMAN OR SNAKE? CARTER NO LONGER RECOGNIZES REALITY AS IN STUPEFIED HORROR HE WATCHES SERPENTINA AND A MALE CONGBONE PERFORM THE ULTIMATE IN SICKENING DEBAUCHERIES



FINALLY PANTING-HISSING GLEAMING WITH SWEAT SHE RETURNS TO THE NEAR CATATONIC JOHNNY CARTER







IS IT  
SAFE  
TO RE-  
LEASE  
HIM  
ALONE?

QUITE. HE'S HYPNOTIZED TO  
REMEMBER NOTHING OF OUR  
SERPENT EXISTENCE OR  
OPERATIONS--AND OUR  
HYPNOTIC CONTROL OVER  
HUMANS IS ABSOLUTE.



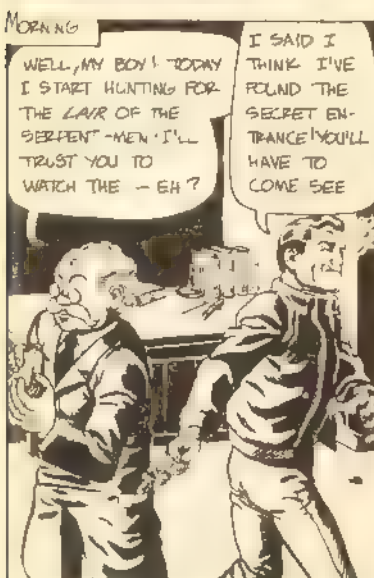
THIS  
WAY  
JOHNNY

SNAP MY FINGERS AND HE'LL  
REMEMBER NOTHING--ONLY  
THE POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGES-  
TION WILL REMAIN.



THANKS FOR A  
WONDERFUL  
EVENING, JOHNNY!

WOSH, SERPENTINA,  
THE PLEASURE WAS  
MINE. BELIEVE ME!  
SEE YOU SOON!



MORNING

WELL, MY BOY! TODAY  
I START HUNTING FOR  
THE LAIR OF THE  
SERPENT--MEN. I'LL  
TRUST YOU TO  
WATCH THE -- EH?

I SAID I  
THINK I'VE  
FOUND THE  
SECRET EN-  
TRANCE! YOU'LL  
HAVE TO COME SEE



IT'S THIS WAY, S.R.I.  
I WAS STROLLING  
THROUGH THESE WOODS  
LAST NIGHT AND CAME  
ACROSS IT

GOOD  
HEAVENS,  
JOHNNY!  
WHAT A  
STROKE OF  
FORTUNE!



AT LEAST I THINK  
THAT'S WHAT IT IS  
RIGHT THROUGH HERE

WHY,  
THIS WILL  
MEAN



MING.  
PARALYZED  
JOHNNY  
TRAP

EXCELLENT,  
JOHNNY!

WELCOME, PROFESSOR THIS IS  
A JOYOUS EVENT FOR US. I  
WISH WE COULD SHARE IT WITH  
YOU!



BUT WE WILL  
SHARE YOU

THEY HYPNOTIZED  
JOHNNY. WHY DIDN'T  
I WONDER WHO HIS  
GIRLFRIEND WAS.

I DIDN'T  
THINK "UH  
WUAAAAA-  
AWWOOO  
UH PAW

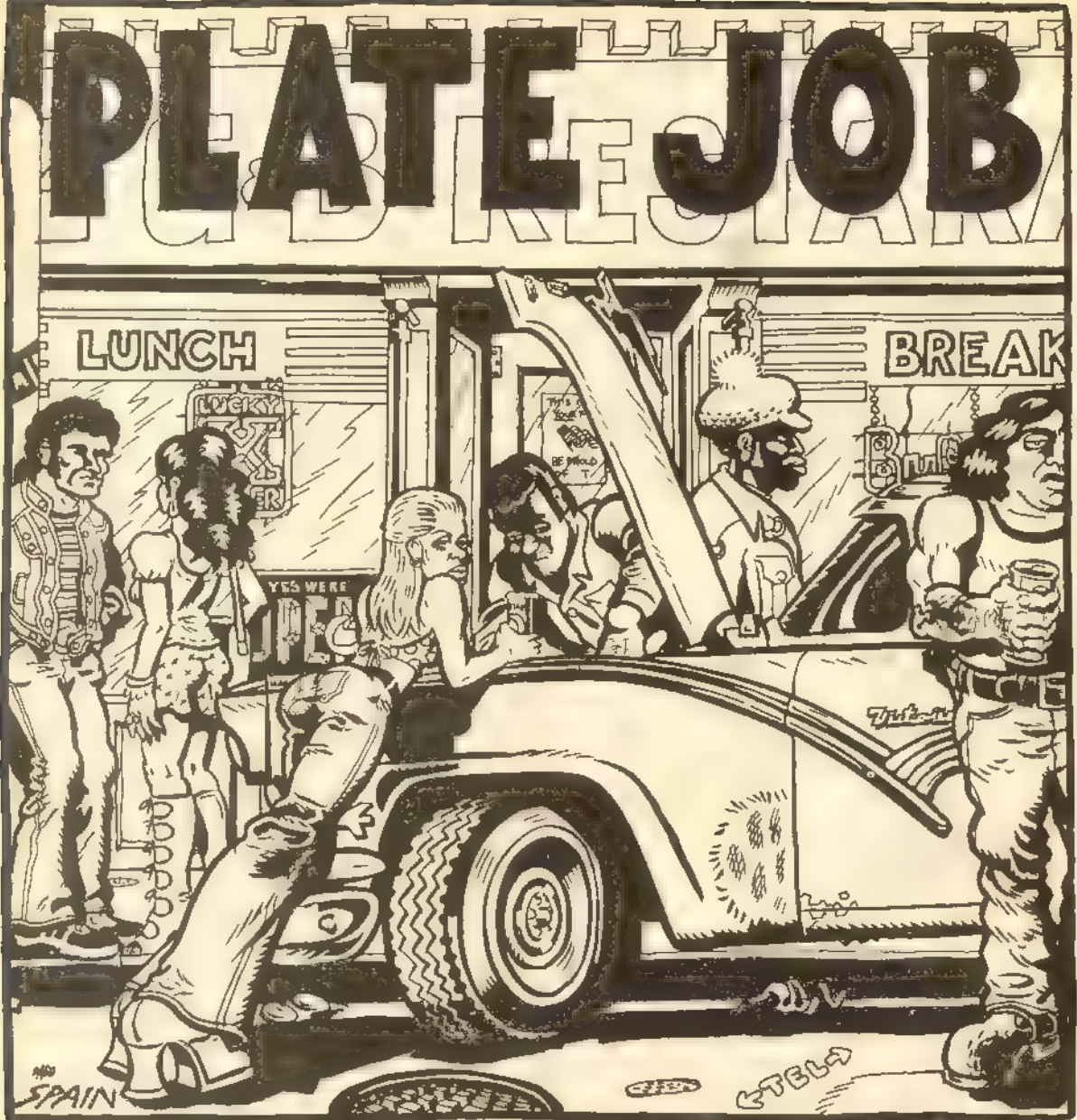
MAKING  
DOOMED.  
UNLESS  
MIRACLE. KK



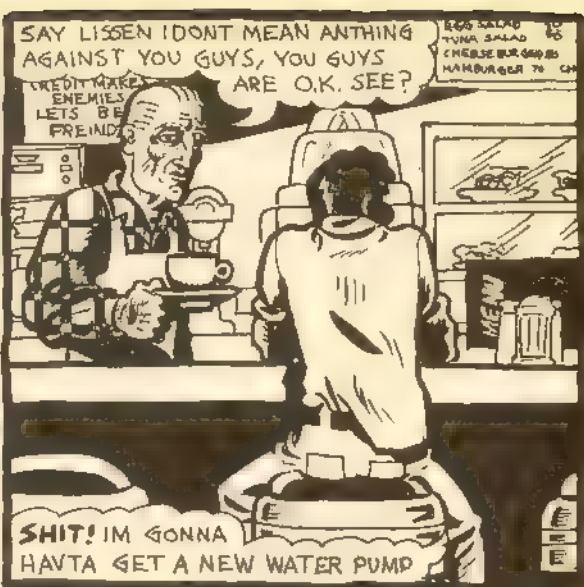


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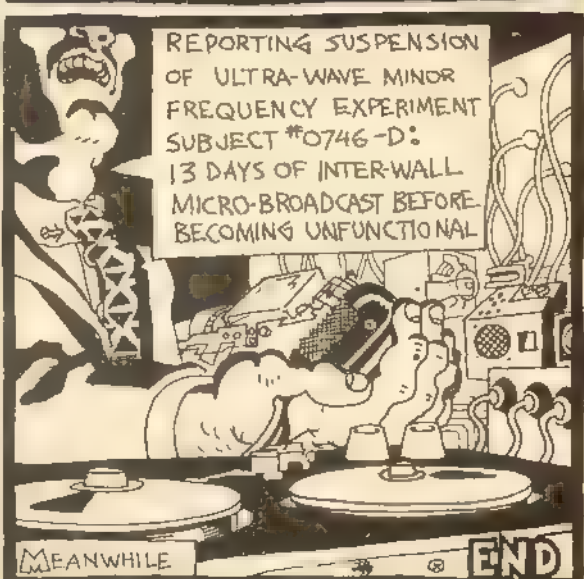
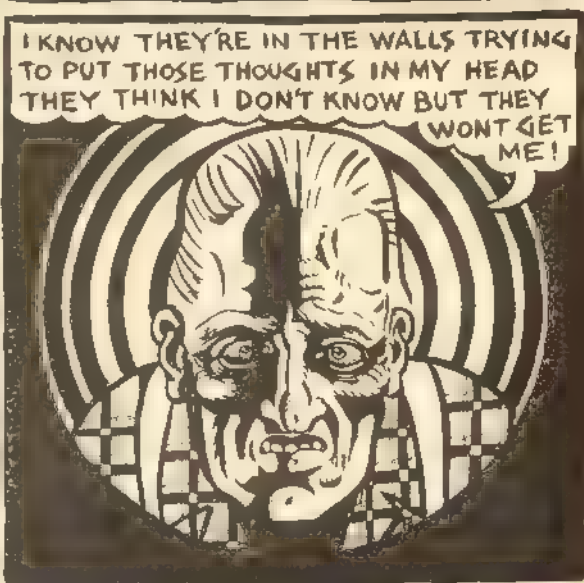
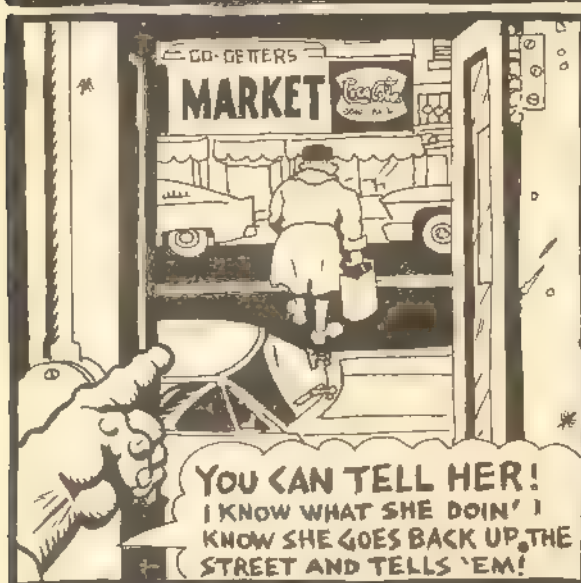














# CELLAR DWELLERS

ART & SCRIPT - C DALLAS 77



THE TATTERED NOTICE CATCHES YOUR EYE. NEW IN THE CITY AND LOW ON CASH, YOU'RE DESPERATE FOR A CHEAP ROOM.

AFTER PHONING FOR AN INTERVIEW, YOU CATCH A BUS TO THE OLDEST PART OF THE CITY—NOW A FESTERING SLUM.



THE DIRECTIONS CARRY YOU FAR FROM ANY BUS ROUTE—THROUGH A LABYRINTH OF TWISTED, DEBRIS-STREWN ALLEYWAYS.



FINALLY YOU REACH YOUR DESTINATION—A DILAPIDATED LITTLE SHACK JAMMED BETWEEN TWO TENEMENTS.

HESITANTLY YOU APPROACH AND KNOCK.

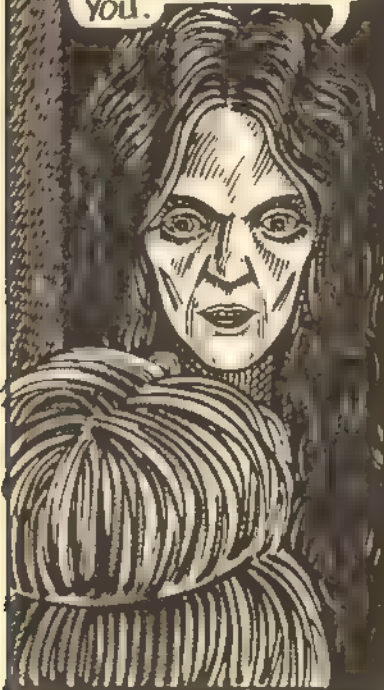
420  
RAPPITY  
RAP RAP





A PAUSE, LOCKS RATTLE,  
THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

YOU MUST BE THE  
ONE FOR THE ROOM-  
COME-I WILL SHOW  
YOU.



YOU MAY CALL ME -  
RHODANDRA...

CHARMED.  
...NOMAD'S  
TH' NAME.

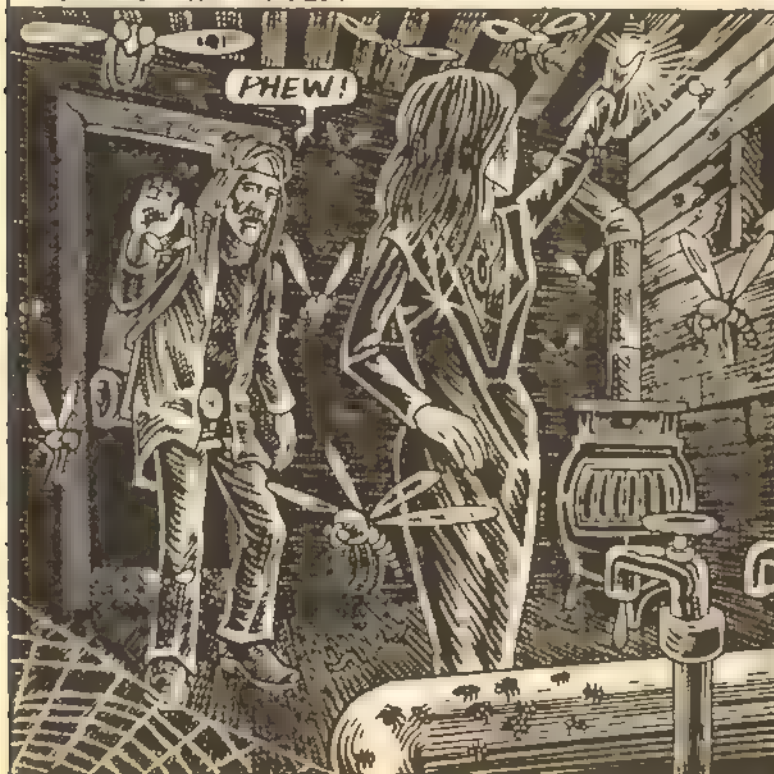


YOU FOLLOW HER DOWN  
RICKETY SIDE STEPS TO  
A FILTHY AND FOUL-  
SMELLING BASEMENT.



SHE LIGHTS THE ROOM'S LONE FIXTURE, AND  
DROVES OF OVER-SIZED INSECTS SWARM  
TOWARD THE WALLS.

PHEW!



YOU OWN THIS - UH -  
PLACE?

MY FAMILY HAS FOR  
CENTURIES.



IT'S DISGUSTING - WRET-  
CHED - BUT CHEAP. AND  
YOU ARE DESPERATE. 12



THERE'S NO LEASE I HOPE.

NO, OF COURSE NOT- NOTHING TO SIGN  
YOU'LL TAKE IT THEN?

YEAH... IT'LL HAVE TO DO,  
BUT CAN'T SOMETHING  
BE DONE  
ABOUT  
THESE  
BUGS?

SMAT!

PERHAPS- BUT FIRST I  
MUST HAVE \$15- CASH.

YEAH... IT'LL HAVE TO DO.  
BUT CAN'T SOMETHING  
BE DONE  
ABOUT  
THESE  
BUGS?

4 MAT

...WIRED LANDLADY,  
BUGS EVERYWHERE,  
A WOOD STOVE IN  
TH' MIDDLE OF TH'  
CITY - JESUS, I  
COULDN'T O' DONE  
MUCH FUCKIN'  
WORSE !!

## INSECTS ATTACK YOUR FOOD EVEN AS YOU TRY TO EAT IT.

THAT NIGHT THEY  
COVER YOUR SLEEPING  
BAG INSIDE AND OUT.

THEIR INCESSANT CLICKING  
AND SCREECHING DRIVES YOU  
TO THE VERY BRINK OF MADNESS!

WHEN MORNING FINALLY  
ARRIVES YOU DISCOVER  
YOUR ENTIRE STOCK  
OF GROCERIES DEVoured!

% @ !!! \* / @ % \* / !!



ENRAGED, YOU STORM UP  
THE STAIRS TO SEE  
RHODANDRA!



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT THAT HOLE  
I RENTED EXTER-  
MINATED! I CAN-  
NOT LIVE DOWN  
THERE WITH THOSE  
(BUGS !!)



THEN MOVE! THERE ARE  
FAR TOO MANY OF THEM  
TO SIMPLY EXTERMINATE!



WELL GODAMIT YOU KIN  
TRY, CAN'T YOU ?!!



WHAT YOU ASK IS IMPOS-  
SIBLE! SOON, INSECTS  
WILL RULE THIS PLANET...  
IF ANY ARE TO SURVIVE-  
IT MUST BE AS THEIR  
SERVANTS! I WILL NOT  
EXTERMINATE!

SORRY-  
NO REFUNDS!



YOU VILE  
BITCH!

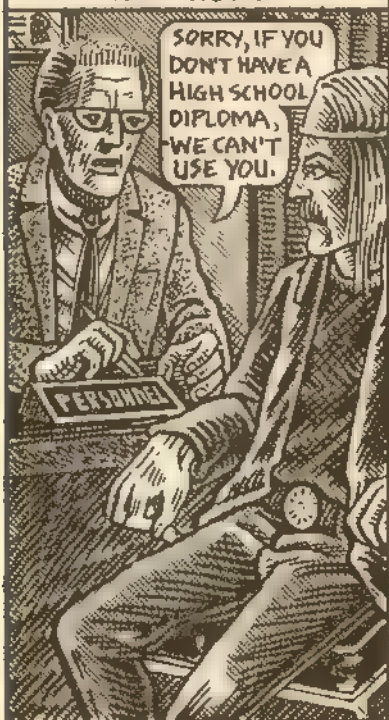


Y-YOU'RE... MAD! GIMME  
MY BREAD BACK-I'M  
GITTIN' OUT OF HERE!





YOU SPEND THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY SEARCHING FOR A JOB OR A NEW ROOM— BUT FIND NEITHER.



RELUCTANTLY YOU RETURN TO THE MISERABLE DUNGEON APARTMENT...



... WHERE YOU FIND A BOTTLE OF WINE AND A NOTE WAITING ON THE DOORSTEP.



EAGERLY YOU RUSH INSIDE TO DOWN THE WINE...



... BUT QUICKLY FIND IT...



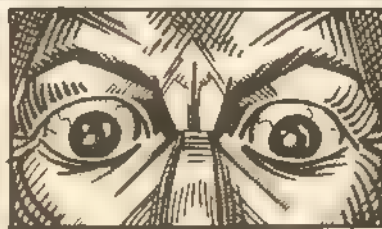
... DRUGGED!



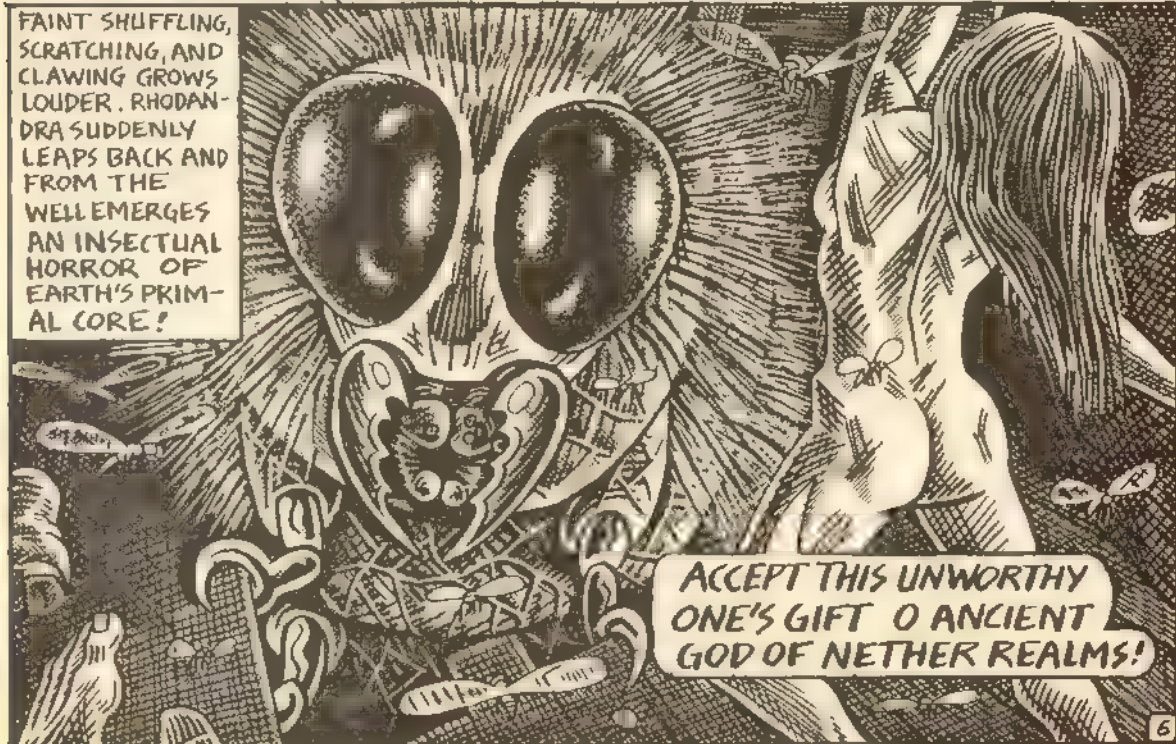


CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS BUT  
MUSCLE CO-ORDINATION DOES  
NOT. YOU CAN MOVE ONLY YOUR  
EYES; THEY FOCUS ON RHODAN-  
DRA, CHANTING INTO A PREVI-  
OUSLY CONCEALED TRAPDOOR.

HER SONG ECHOES AS IF  
BEING CAST DOWN A  
BOTTOMLESS PIT.



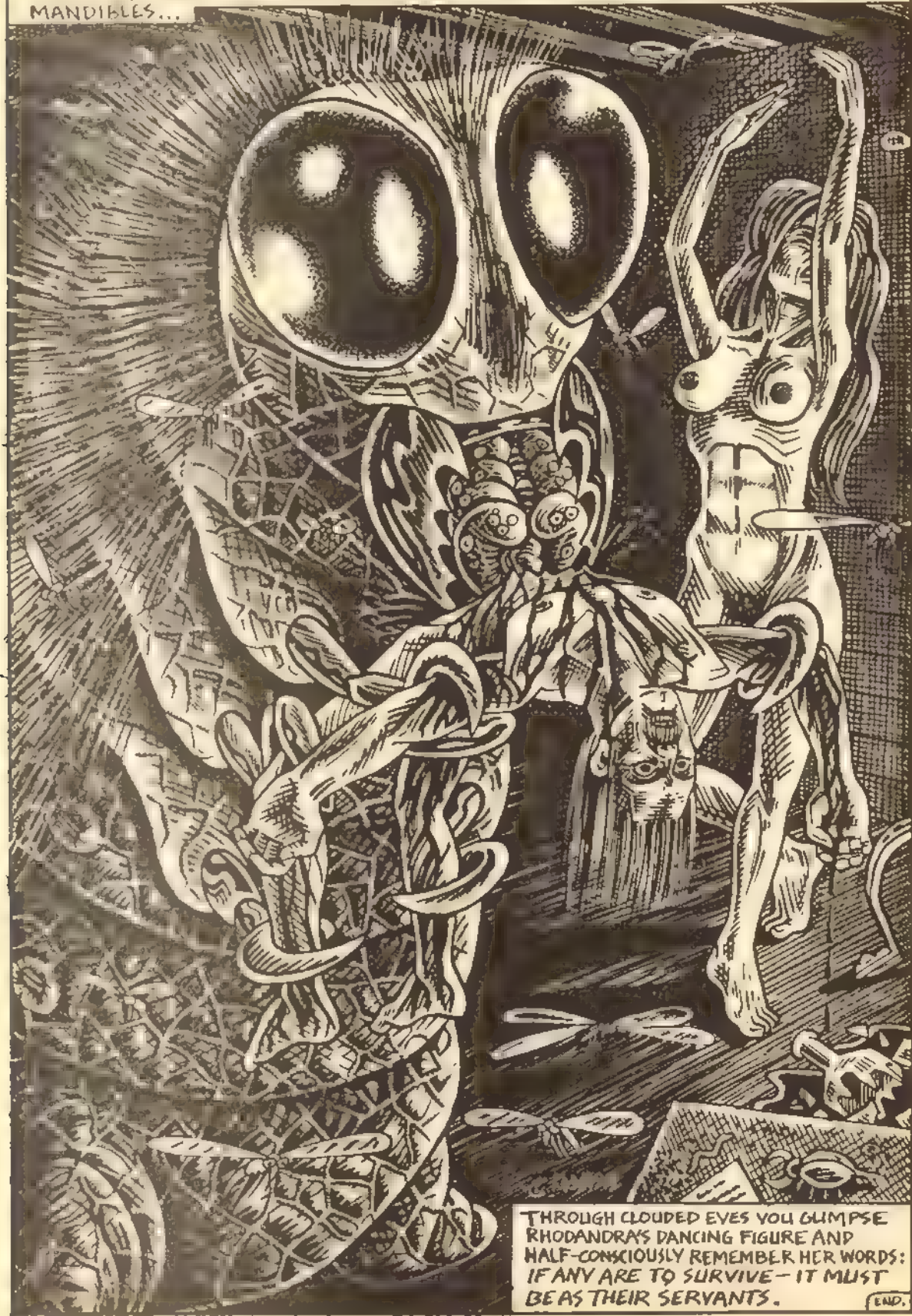
FAINT SHUFFLING,  
SCRATCHING, AND  
CLAWING GROWS  
LOUDER. RHODAN-  
DRA SUDDENLY  
LEAPS BACK AND  
FROM THE  
WELL EMERGES  
AN INSECTUAL  
HORROR OF  
EARTH'S PRIM-  
AL CORE!



ACCEPT THIS UNWORTHY  
ONE'S GIFT O ANCIENT  
GOD OF NETHER REALMS!



ARMORED CLAWS LIFT YOUR HELPLESS FORM TOWARD CHURNING, GNASHING MANDIBLES...



THROUGH CLOUDED EYES YOU GLIMPSE RHODANDRA'S DANCING FIGURE AND HALF-CONSCIOUSLY REMEMBER HER WORDS: IF ANY ARE TO SURVIVE—IT MUST BE AS THEIR SERVANTS.

END.

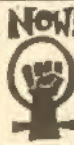


# SAPPHO'S DAUGHTER

FOR THREE MONTHS SINCE KATHIE HAD TAKEN ALEX IN, HE'D BEEN A CONSTANT SOURCE OF ANXIETY. LIKE, HE WAS REALLY WEIRD. GIVE ER SOME MORPHINE AND BALL HER, AND SHE DIDN'T LIKE MORPH AT FIRST ANYWAY.

BUT HE WOULDN'T BALL HER IF SHE WASN'T UP ON MORPH. HE WAS TRYING TO GET HER HOOKED, BY GOD, AND THAT WAS LOW!

GONNA DO SOMETHIN' 'BOUT HIM.



SHE'D TRIED TO REGULATE THE MORPH, BUT HE REALLY PUSHED IT ON HER. HE WAS GETTING VIOLENT AND TOO FLUKEY FOR COMFORT.

HEY MAN... NOT NOW...

COMON, DAGE! ITS GOOD FERRA!

GONNA DO SOMETHIN' 'BOUT THAT BASTARD.

THAT'S A PROBLEM WITH THIS PSYCHEDELIC TRIP... GIVE THE WRONG PERSON THE WRONG DRUG AT THE WRONG TIME AND IT COMES UP

ALEX'S BODY SUDDENLY SPLIT SUNDER, BUT THE ONLY BLOOD WAS BLUE, AND THE SHREDDED FALSE FLESH FELL AWAY FROM A HORRIBLE SIGHT OF A THIN HUMANOID INSECT, DEAD IN THE FRAGMENTS OF ITS TATTERED HUMAN DISGUISE!



KATHIE SCREAMED AND SCREAMED AND SCREAMED FOR SHE KNEW! INSECTS! THEY LAY THEIR EGGS IN THE BODY OF THE HOST, AND PARALYZE THE HOST WITH VENOMOUS STINGS!

THE MORPHINE! ITS PAINKILLING PROPERTY KEPT HER FROM FEELING THE LARVAE AS THEY TUNNELED THRU HER BODY! SHE SCREAMED AND SCREAMED.

AND THE POLICE CAME, SAW THE SCENE, TOOK HER TO A HOSPITAL WHERE SHE FINALLY SCREAMED HER LIFE AWAY, EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE VERY KIND.





# GOBS of WORMS



12X07-72





ORVILLE WILLIS TASTES  
THE REVENGE OF THE  
DISMAL SWAMP  
TERRAPINS.

YA!

QUIT  
FUSSIN'  
WITH 'AT  
SOUP  
AN' CMON  
T' BED,  
O.W.!

SSSSSS!

BLUP  
BLUP  
BLUP!

TURTLE  
SOUP

SCHENKMAN







**Sir Real's**

**UNDERGROUND  
COMIX CLASSIX**

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n/a